Miss Ruth E. Spring,
Brownsville, Ont. 254-11

Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | MONTREAL, JUNE 28, 1940. | 77th Year.

BUGLES AT VERCHERES

By Ned Booth

For the Messenger.

(Concluded.)

WHEN the Iroquois attacked Fort Vercheres it was young Paul Garon and his old friend, Pere Baptiste who, with the two soldiers left on guard and two young boys, sons of the Seigneur, loaded the muskets and prepared to hold the fort against the enemy. But it was Madeleine, the Seigneur's daughter, who inspired the little garrison. It was Madeleine who put fresh courage into the heart of a terrified soldier who was preparing to blow them all up rather than face the enemy "like Frenchmen."

"Fortunately, he failed to make a spark," Madeleine said to Paul, pointing to the flint and steel in the fellow's hands. "Go out then—I forgive you; you did not know what you were doing! Now, to your duty, with the rest of us! Go!"

"To the very end, Mam-zelle!" Paul watched the man's head lift and his back stiffen as he strode out. Marvellous, the spirit of Madeleine—the seigneur himself, to the very life!

* * *

SEARCHING constantly the area commanded by his bastion, Paul watched darkness descend. Distant thunder grew rapidly nearer, with heavy banking of threatening clouds and vicious spurts of lightning from mass to mass.

"An ugly night, Mademoiselle," he said, as Madeleine stood beside him a moment. "There is no sign of the enemy at the moment. Possibly in the darkness he may try an assault, though Baptiste has told me that the Iroquois has little stomach for a fortification. But have no fear, Madeleine—these walls are stout. We can at last retire to the block-house, if we must. We have many muskets, and much powder! Can the women load? They can? **Excellent. What should we fear?"**

"I have planned for food, Paul—and have put muskets and powder at convenient places. How glad I am that you teased me so that I learned to shoot a musket!" A smile touched Paul's lips as he watched her grasp her gun determinedly and stare out toward the river.

"If we could get word to my father, the seigneur—do you think the cannon was of any use, when we fired it?"

"The duck hunters, Madeleine—they would escape. They would hear the cannon, and would understand. But it may take a long time! We must prepare to wait."

Later, in a swirling tempest of wind and sleet, she stood at Paul's side again, in course of her ceaseless inspection of the alertness of her garrison.

"It is midnight, Paul, and no one has seen an Indian for hours. Would they go away, then—?"

"Never! They are out there watching. They may attack at any moment! It will be awkward if they do, in this storm!" Thunder was crashing overhead in an almost uninterrupted din, with jagged swords of lightning streaking down. Rain and comfortless melting snow drenched the fort's watchers. They had to wait for periods of comparative quiet to hear each other's voices.

"Gaspard; is he all right, Madeleine?"

"Splendid! He was just frightened —that's all."

* * *

AT no small risk, Paul was peering around the side of an embrasure, staring fixedly at the space that lay between the fort and the water's edge. He failed to respond to a remark of Madeleine's and his hand urged her downward from too great exposure when she moved to see what he was staring at.

"The two old boats that lay on the beach—you remember — do you know exactly where they were?"

"Yes, Paul, exactly—"

"There was something beside them just now in a flash, that was not there before Some Iroquois trick perhaps. Try to locate them if you can, and when a flash comes tell me what you see." He snuggled his coat protectingly about the lock of his musket.

Tensely they waited while several minor lightnings failed to reveal clearly what they sought. Then came an instant's silence, broken only by the rain falling, and afterwards a white streak of light that split the low rain-laden sky apart, photographing on their staring eye-balls for the space of an instant the thing that was transpiring on the beach.

As Paul's observant eyes had noted, beside the Vercheres boats placed on the beach, upturned awaiting repair, some unfamiliar object lay. In the lightning's flash they saw a crouched, war-painted Iroquois in the very act of leaping upon it. As the instant of light waned they saw the strange object, as though jerked by a string, roll out from under the Indian so that he fell upon the ground beside the boats. Paul's musket cracked, and darkness descended again.

Feverishly they awaited the next flash of lightning—but when it came it revealed only the two boats on the beach. The rest might have been imagination.

"Guard the bastion, Mademoiselle—one minute, please . . ."

SURPRISEDLY, Madeleine saw Paul leap down from the bastion's elevation into the thick darkness of the courtyard. Half a dozen strides put him before the gate. He knelt beside one of the heavy panels and when a shock of thunder had died to near-silence, called out softly: "You are there?"

"Yes—yes; open, quick!"

In a moment the bars had released their grip momentarily and Paul had pulled into the fort a rain-soaked figure.

"Great work, Baptiste . . . how did you do it?"

Old Baptiste's sodden figure straightened itself upright. "With some good bullrushes to cover myself, and this, my boy!" He patted a sheathed hunting knife at his waist. "Also your musket—I thought you would understand!"

By Which We Climb

(For the Messenger.)

We can't all have, for climbing,
The marble and the pearl,
Nor softest airs of moonlight which
The summer winds unfurl.

But there are hills and towers
That struggle to the sun,
And many a meagre foothold
In duty to be won.

For Genius obscurely
Attains to her desire,
And Loveliness eludes our pride
In commonplace attire;

So many a soul courageous
Finds heaven unaware,
In some attainment barely won
Three flights above despair.

—R. H. Grenville.

They ascended the bastion. "All is well, Mam-zelle," Baptiste assured Madeleine—"The duck hunters were not caught. They have gone for assistance. We must fight off these Iroquois!"

"I must away, Paul. Stay with him, Baptiste—the others need me; they must not be permitted to lose their heart!"

Baptiste rested a hand upon Madeleine's arm. "Wait, Mam-zelle—one minute." The old man stood in an attitude of tense listening. "I hear somet'ing, me."

They moved to the wall and after several minutes became aware in the fitful light of several objects moving uncertainly toward the fort gates.

"They are cattle," said Madeleine. "I can see the snow on their backs! They have escaped the Iroquois; they want to come in! The gate . . . but no; an Iroquois trick it may be! Iroquois, in the skins of cattle! We must take ca[illegible] eh?"

But long observation failed to reveal anything alarming among the newcomers. Even a disconsolate moo-ing reached their ears. They descended to the gate and cautiously admitted the beasts. The fresh milk they would supply would be welcome!

* * *

DESPITE Paul's entreaties, not once did Madeleine seek rest or repose throughout the long night of storm and rain. Toward dawn she was once more in the bastion, continuing her endless round of inspection and inspiration.

"Why do you suppose we are unmolested, so far, Paul?" she asked.

"I have wondered—perhaps they think us much stronger than we are, eh? We have fired many muskets!"

"My thought, also—we must play up to that. Can you blow a bugle?"

"But of course!"

"Then at dawn, reveille, eh? And after dark, also, lights out!"

"It would be clever——"

"We will show them some helmets, as well, above the stockade, from time to time. It will suggest many heads below!"

Paul smiled appreciatively.

Whether such strategy actually had the desired effect or not, Paul could not say. Whatever the reason, the Iroquois, most ruthless and fearless of warriors, contented themselves with so closely investing the place that no thought of escape was permitted the fort's occupants.

"If they would even show themselves," Paul would say to Baptiste when the siege had run to several days' duration. "It would be almost better to face an assault than endure this suspense. You can see for yourself that even Mademoiselle's spirit is wearing thin—yet she keeps up the morale of the women—as well as ours! If she would only sleep! But no! How long can it last?"

* * *

PAUL was suddenly aware that old Baptiste was not listening. They stood in the bastion, maintaining the never-ending watch, while protected themselves. Following the line of the old man's gaze, he found himself considering something odd in the appearance of a thicket a fair musket shot away. The clump was richly colored in autumn's dress; he had many times admired it and sometimes scrutinized it as possible cover for their besiegers. Tall grass at its shaded side was dappled with moving sunbeams as the leaves swung to the afternoon breeze. No eyes less watchful than old Baptiste's would have observed anything amiss. Paul, studying the spot, sud-

(Please turn to Page 12.)

"Before Governors and Kings"

By Clarence D. Ussher, M.D.

SIR AHMED was a Circassian nobleman living in Constantinople in Abdul Hamid's time. He was over six feet in height, with a massive head; a man of dominating personality, accustomed to having his own way. His education in Turkey had been above the ordinary and he had also spent some time in French Universities.

Spies aroused the suspicion in Abdul Hamid's mind that Sir Ahmed was a member of the Turkish Revolutionary Party. He belonged to too prominent a family to be as summarily removed as many had been by the Sultan, but the wily monarch appointed him Mutessarif of Amasia, in the province of Sivas, and said to him with a warning look before sending him away:

"Do as you please in Amasia, but do not come back to Constantinople or your life will be forfeit."

In Amasia the young man had a Circassian rival who had sent valuable horses and other presents to Abdul Hamid and had in return been permitted to rob and plunder as he pleased; whoever crossed him was disposed of either by the Sultan or himself. He had become so daring that at one time, I have been told, he carried off from the very gate of the city of Marsovan forty-two wagons loaded with merchandise. Valis and police had felt compelled to close their eyes to his depredations.

* * *

SIR AHMED called his chief of police and ordered him to bring this robber chief before him.

"Oh, but can I? How can I?"

"Bring him, or your head will go." With a bow the chief of police withdrew. Whether he gave the Circassian an invitation to a feast, or told him the Vali had some new honor for him from the Sultan, or wanted his advice about the government of the district, I do not know. Turkish diplomats use such methods. However it was managed, the Circassian came one evening to be the guest of the Mutessarif. Sir Ahmed informed him that he would be hanged in the morning.

"Oh, no, I will not; I'll appeal to the Sultan; he is my friend."

"I am Governor here, and the Sultan has nothing to say about it." And the noted and powerful rbober chief was hanged the next morning. The fear of that Governor fell upon all the district; robbers sought refuge in other provinces, and his fame spread far.

When Abdul Hamid was deposed, Sir Ahmed, being in the inner councils of the "Young Turk" Party was appointed Vali of the province of Van. At this time the success of our schools and hospital was attracting attention. Our treaties wiht Turkey gave us the right to own property and prosecute our legitimate business, and to have our premises and persons inviolate by Ottoman officials.

But Sir Ahmed was so tyrannical that, harking back to Mohammedan law, which says that a foreigner may live in the country and do business unmolested for a year, must then either become a Mohammedan, quit the country, or become a slave and pay tribute, he dared to announce that he would have the American doctor deported and the hospital and schools closed.

* * *

BEFORE deporting us he, as a conscientious Mohammedan, would give us a chance to accept his faith. It was Ramazan, when Mohammedans fast absolutely from sunrise to sunset throughout a lunar month.

On the fifteenth day of this fast many Mohammedans invite "infidels" to an evening feast for the purpose of converting them to Islam. To such a banquet the Vali invited the male missionaries of Van, Protestant and Catholic.

Sir Ahmed sat at the head of a long table. Dr. Raynolds was at his right, and next to him a Chaldean Catholic Bishop. The writer was at the Vali's left, and around the table were Catholic priests and Turkish officers. After we had feasted on a delicious thirteen-course dinner, a sweet and a meat served alternately, each dish a separate course, the Vali opened the religious conversation by addressing the black-and-crimson-robed Bishop:

"My Lord Bishop, will you kindly tell me what you think I must do to enter Paradise?"

"Your Excellency," replied the Bishop, "if you will permit me, I believe that God, for Jesus Christ's sake, pardons my sins and will receive me into Paradise."

"No, sir," said Sir Ahmed; "I cannot accept that, for I believe God to be absolutely just and righteous, and one who is absolutely just cannot show favoritism. I am Vali here and my power is practically absolute; you might have a friend in prison for debt to the Government (Turkish law imprisons a debtor until his debt be paid); you might come to me and say, 'My friend is in prison for a debt which he can never pay; I beg you for my sake to pardon and release him.' I might not want to hurt your feelings or deny you anything as my friend so I might pardon him; but if I did so I should be wronging the whole people. If God can do that kind of thing He is no more righteous than I am; I cannot believe that of Him."

* * *

I THOUGHT Sir Ahmed's answer a good one and was interested to see how the Bishop would reply. But he said not a word more, and I began to realize that this was one of the most critical moments of my life. Here was Christianity on trial before Islam; the Vali had asked a perfectly fair question, the most important question any man could ask,—practically "What must I do to be saved?" and it was up to Christianity to give him a satisfactory reply.

I had got so far in my thought when Sir Ahmed, speaking loudly, as if to the far end of the table, but with his eyes turned slightly toward me, said, "Doctor Ussher, what do you say?" I did not know what to say, but I remembered the promise of Christ Himself, "Before governors and kings shall ye be brought for my sake . . . but when they deliver you up be not anxious how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that hour what ye shall speak"; and I prayed with all my heart, "O God, give me an answer."

Without a moment's hesitation I replied, and the answer came so distinctly as an answer to the prayer and was so far beyond what I alone was capable of saying that I feel it a duty to put it on record:

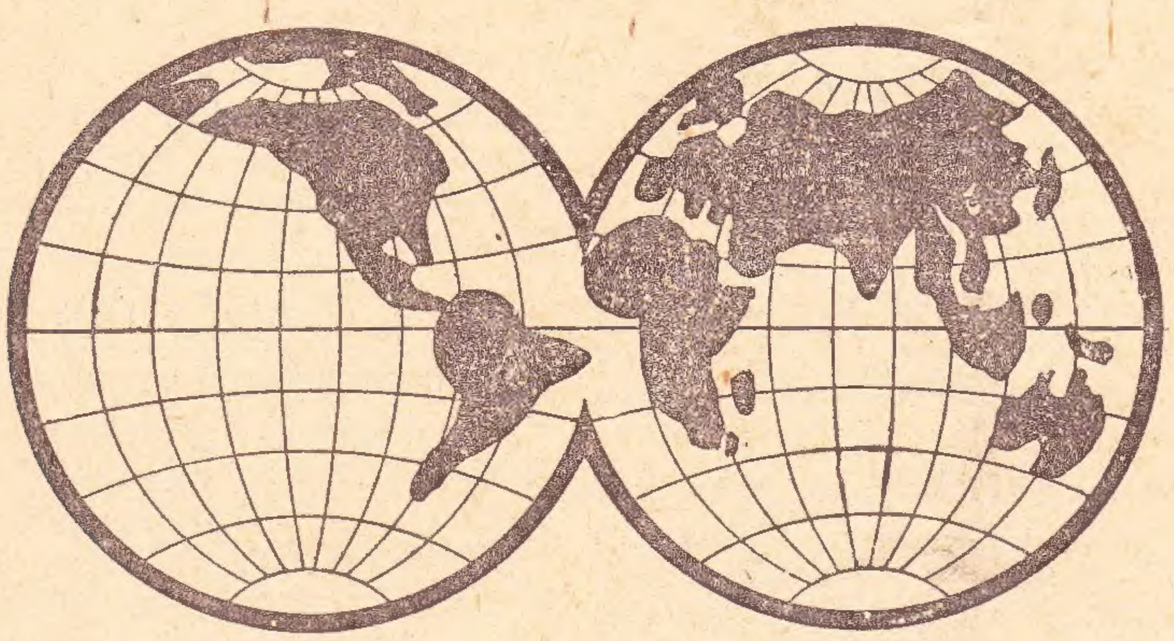
"Your Excellency, if you will permit me I will use your own illustration: I will make a little change in it. I will call you the king; you have a son who is a friend of mine and loves me; I am in prison for a debt to the Government on which I cannot pay one in a thousand. Your son comes to you and says, 'Father, my friend is in prison for debt; can you not pardon and release him?'

"You reply, 'My son, I too love him and do not want him to be in prison, but I cannot pardon him, for if I did I should be wronging the whole people. I must treat all alike.' 'Well, father, will you let me pay his debt and he go free?' 'Yes, my son, and he shall go free. I will let you pay the debt, if he will accept it.'

* * *

"THE son goes at once, to the proper office, pays the debt, and it is marked on the books that my debt is paid. He receives a receipt upon which is the Government seal stating that my debt is paid, and now I am free. Then he comes to the prison with the receipt

"This Still Belongs to God"



and says, 'You are free. Your debt is paid, I have paid it.'

"I may take one of three courses. I may draw myself up haughtily and say, 'No, I will not accept it; I will not be under obligation to anyone!' forgetting that, being in debt, I am already under obligation and this would be but a shifting of the obligation. Should I do this I would unnecessarily wound one who for love of me has already made a great sacrifice which cannot be taken back. It is on record that my debt *is*, not that it *will be* paid; to refuse would be unworthy of me.

"But I might sit moping, with my head in my hands, and say, 'I wish it were so! But I cannot believe it.' 'But I tell you it is so; see, here is the receipt. Get out of the prison and test it,' he might say. 'No, I dare not, the police might find me and take me back to greater shame!"

"Should he force me from the prison, how would I behave? Not believing in my heart that I was free, I would look sharply this way and that in the street, lest a policeman might see me; should I escape to my house I would not dare to go near the door nor the window lest someone see my shadow and betray me to the police, and imprisonment in my house would be worse than imprisonment in the prison. Without faith in the heart there is no liberty. This, too, would be ungrateful.

"The third thing I might do and ought to do, when he tells me he has paid my debt and I am free, is to fall at his feet and say, 'I thank you, I have nothing to give in return'—since my pennies to his pounds would be an insult,—'but I shall endeavor by my life to show my thanks.'

"THEN I would go out of prison, as they did on Liberty Day when Abdul Hamid was deposed and all the prisons were thrown open; every man was free; men who were sentenced to be hanged, those who were imprisoned for life, or were confined hopeless, for debt, rushed into the street shouting, 'Azad! Azad!' (Free! Free!) It would be joy to me to tell everyone that I was free and who set me free.

"But this is not all—instead of letting me return to my hovel where there is nothing but poverty he takes me to his beautiful home. There he gives me the Hamam (Turkish bath), the most thorough cleansing known. My prison clothes with all their filth are thrown into the fire, and that is the end of my past life.

Then he brings me his own beautiful garments of colored broadcloth and silk, and, clothed as a prince, he brings me to you, O King, and says, 'Father, this is my brother!' And you say, 'Come, my son, from this day you are my son. You shall take my name upon you; I will entrust it to you and you will honor it. In my name you shall go in and out; all that I have is yours.'

"This," I said, "is as I understand Christianity. God is the King. Jesus Christ, His Son, paid my debt. I believe it and know I am free."

"Now," I said, "what will be my attitude toward the Prince? I see him coming down one of the narrow streets on horseback; someone has dumped a load of firewood in the street, filling it up; he cannot pass, what shall I do? Wait until he comes and say, 'What will you give me to remove this obstruction from your way?' Or will I not, as soon as I see him coming, set to work with all my might to remove the obstruction, and then, when he passes, step aside and salute him with joy, glad that I have been able to do something to show my gratitude for what he has done for me? If he should offer to pay me, I would say, 'No, I did not do it for pay. I rejoice that I can do something to show my appreciation of what you have already done for me'."

"So!" said the Vali, knitting his brow; "and do you mean to tell me that the hospital and schools you have here are to show your gratitude to God for something He has already done for you, and not for the purpose of winning some new favor from God?"

"Yes, sir, exactly."

"Well, I had not thought of it so before."

* * *

WE all sat silent about the table until Sir Ahmed arose; then those on the right passed toward the reception-room door and waited there for the Vali to enter first; those on the left passed down the length of the table and around the end toward the rest. Just as I reached the farther end of the table Sir Ahmed, who was still standing at the head, threw up his hand, and all stood silent and motionless. Then, pointing his finger at me, with flashing eyes he said sternly, "But, Doctor Usher, you say 'Jesus Christ, the Son of God.' God is one; He neither begets nor is begotten; how can you say the Son of God?"

The scene was dramatic. It was as if I stood before a court. I replied:

"Your Excellency, I am talking to you in your language. If I were talking to you in my language, English, I should be able to say to you things which I cannot say in Turkish, because your language has neither the word nor the thought. For instance, in a little while I shall say to you (and I said it in English), 'I am going home.' When I translate that into Turkish I have to say, 'Ava giderim' (I am going to the house), and then I must explain that when I say I am going to the house I do not mean that I am going to the building. I mean I am going where there is a companion, a family, love; where every member of the household thinks unselfishly for every other member—to the sweetest place on earth. By a long process I must explain to you that when I use your word I mean something different from what you have always understood by it.

"When God talks to man He uses man's language and is limited by it. He uses our words and then, perhaps by a long process, explains that He means something different from what we have been accustomed to understand from them. When God speaks of Jesus as His Son, He uses the best term that we have. But He does not mean simply a man born of a woman, as we have been accustomed to understand the word."

* * *

HERE our conversation was interrupted, to be resumed when I went to pay my dinner call the following morning. We were sitting with a window between us and the sun was shining into the room. I put my hand into ray of light and asked:

"Your Excellency, what is this?"

"Why, that is the sun," he replied, in a tone of surprise.

"Is this the sun, or is that it which we see up there in the sky?"

"There is no difference; it is all the one light."

(Please turn to Page 11.)

Let Us Open Our Gates!

"Your sorrows are our sorrows," said our good Queen Elizabeth to the sufferers in France. We echo her words as we open our hearts and homes and prepare to welcome British and French refugees.
(New York Herald Tribune.)

DOWN every road in France there have been streaming for days the fragments of families, bombed out of their homes, fleeing before the storm. The news dispatches refer casually to a mother with a baby in her arms, to a small brother and sister without parents, to whole families of young and old. Heartsick, hungry, footsore, they trudge on, hoping against hope—as the whole world has been hoping through these desperate days.

What will happen in England when the Nazi fury is turned in her direction? Americans will hope and pray that the British fleet and air force and army will save the islands in the end. But in the terrible struggle to come, when Nazi bombs do their worst, there may well be similar scenes of destruction and bitter hardship.

* * *

OF all refugees, it is the children who suffer most. They are least able to care for themselves. They can play no part in their country's defence. When their homes have been blown to dust and their parents slain, their lot becomes desperate for all the good will of friends and relatives.

Therefore we ask this country to step forward and volunteer its aid to the children of the Allies. We ask that an official invitation be issued by the government to these young refugees, to come to the United States as the guests of the nation for the duration of the war.

* * *

WE have no idea how many would wish to come, whether alone or with their mothers—or how many could be brought across the Atlantic with safety. But the large Canadian Pacific liners, for example, are shuttled across to the British Isles, carrying over troops and returning empty. Canada is, to be sure, already taking as many refugees as she can, but her resources are limited and her responsibilities great. We urge that the invitation be issued and that no limit as to numbers be set.

The responsibility would be a heavy one in terms of care and affection; cost would be irrelevant in the presence of so sickening a tragedy. While the Government should organize the undertaking, we are confident that a great number of the children would be invited to stay in American homes—the more, the better.

* * *

IT is, of course, for the administration to determine the necessary procedures. Co-operation by Congress would doubtless be necessary. But since speed is essential and every hour of delay may spell needless tragedy for these young victims of invasion, the President might deem it feasible to initiate the movement by his personal word directing the stream of refugees to this continent. The most practicable route, in any event, would probably lie through Canada. If time permitted, perhaps American ships could sail on this errand of rescue, direct to Bordeaux.

In the case of France, the blow has fallen and the lost children await their

(Please turn to Page 12.)

Their Precious Lives Safeguarded

The second great contingent of children being removed to the west for greater safety left London recently and soon 120,000 will be out of the Capital. In the top picture parents and friends wave goodbye as the children leave a British East Coast town at which Nazi bombers already have directed raids.

With their symbolic lion mascot, these schoolgirls, at right, evacuated from the South Coast, show fearless faces as their train halted for a few minutes in London.

Northern Messenger

WEEKLY

Founded by John Dougall, 1864

Continuing the Canadian Messenger and Journal of Missions founded by John Dougall, (1855-7). Revived, 1864 as Canadian Messenger, Present title adopted, 1876

Printed and published by

JOHN DOUGALL & SON

(Frederick Eugene Dougall, surviving member of the firm)

at 360 Craig St. W., Montreal, Canada.

A Christian adventure for the whole family the Northern Messenger has for several generations been loved by young and old.

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Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

JUNE 28, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : Love the truth and peace.—Zech. 8:19.

Mon. : The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace. . .—Gal. 5:22.

Tue. : God hath called us to peace.—1 Cor. 7:15.

Wed. : He is our peace.—Eph. 2:14.

Thu. : Be at peace among yourselves.—1 Thess. 5:12.

Fri. : Live peaceably with all men.—Rom. 12:18.

Sat. : Prayers . . . for kings and for all that are in authority that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all Godliness and honesty.—1 Tim. 2:1, 2.

"Life holds no deeper responsibility and no higher privilege than that of leading little children to know and love the Heavenly Father."—Louise M. Oglevee.

The highly educated person without religion becomes a dangerous person. —E. C. Bender.

PUT God's law in the heart, and the whole man is right. This is where the law should be; for then it lies like the tables of stone in the ark, in the place appointed for it. In the head it puzzles, on the back it burdens, in the heart it upholds.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

HUMAN SERVICE

IF any man minister, let him do it as of the ability which God giveth.—That doesn't mean being a minister ordained in the church; it means human service of all kinds. We are to do it as those whom God supplies with power. I think St. Peter here is trying to show us that service to other human beings done in our own strength is no use. It wears us out, for one thing. I remember a great human servant of this country telling me once that the only people who stick very long at social service are the people whose motive is spiritual, and whose source of power is in their religion. But it applies to all service.

We all get in the grip of our special kind of service, and behave like Atlas, as if we were carrying it all. St. Peter says to drop all that, and minister by the power that God supplies. When we get too busy helping people to have time for prayer, we can be pretty sure we are too busy.

In days like these, we desperately want to do all we can. I am convinced that God wants our service to be something more than what we do at a given time for someone: that He wants to relate it to all His strategy for this war-torn, selfish world, so that through it may emerge Himself, His thought, His pattern.—S. M. Shoemaker.

CHANNELS OF LOVE

We must be channels of love and faith and courage for those in other lands who are in such great need. Many feel stunned by their sorrow and pain and terror; we must help them by definitely claiming for them the strength in God that they need. We must hold our hearts open to God and to the sufferers so that God can pour through us to them His love, His courage, His strength and peace.

KOREAN CHRISTIANS

THE earnest witnessing of Korean Christians has won many disciples for the Master. Thirty households from the church at "the World Saving" village of Jusei-dong, two years ago, were moved to a nearby walled village where there were twenty non-Christian houses. These Christians, as the salt of the earth, lived such sincere lives and witnessed so faithfully that there is not now a house without at least one disciple. This same church is supporting an evangelist on half time work to build up three other churches including one new one. They have suffered much through floods this summer, four or five families having lost their all, but their faith has surmounted all difficulties.—Dr. Alex Ross in Manchuria.

PEACE

EVERY life truly given to God becomes a factory of peace.

* * *

The reason the last world war did not "end all war" was that individuals remained unforgiving and unwilling for God's peace and love to prevail.

* * *

Only as God's love prevails in each individual life can it prevail in the world at large.

God will not give peace against our real desires.

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

ON the farm, as much as in business, a happier relationship between employer and employee is the result of one or both learning to listen to God. At hay-making time, on a Scottish farm, a workman downed tools and struck. His employer just managed to hold back the angry dismissal on the tip of his tongue. 'Alright, Tom,' he said. 'Let's stop off for tea now and we'll think this over.' After tea, the farmer had a little prayer. 'Tell him about the time when you once struck!' came the guidance. Out in the field the man stood, hands in pockets. 'You know, I struck work once,' said his employer. 'And it didn't do anyone any good. I hated myself for it and it lowered the morale of the whole farm.' Tom smiled, said nothing; just picked up his fork and went on with his work.

"The love of Christ constraineth us."

A Prayer for Our Nation

O GOD, You have taught us that your purpose is to rule the kingdoms of men. We thank You for all who have given themselves for the leadership of our nation with no thought of self. But we confess that our human wisdom has failed to keep the peace of the world, and we ask forgiveness for the greed that has reigned instead of love. May the guidance of Your Spirit become the uniting and directing factor in the councils of our nation. Protect our men who are serving. May they always serve as seeing You Who are unseen. Give us peace on Your terms, for Jesus' sake. Amen.—Prayer by the Vicar of Battersea, the Hon. the Rev. O. Forester.

Bad laws are the worst sort of tyranny.—Burke.

Young People's Bible Reading

A Good Man is Tempted

for Sunday

July 7, 1940.

Job 2:1-13

by BEREAN

IT helps us much in our understanding of the Bible when we see in it the story of Man's "discovery of God," or rather of God's revelation of Himself, and of His ways, to men as men became more capable of understanding Him.

God is always the same "yesterday, today and forever." His character has always been the character shown in the Lord Jesus who came to "show us the Father" but men took a long time to come into that knowledge. Most of us today only dimly apprehend it.

The Book of Job marks a great step in man's knowledge of God. It was a step gained through sorrow and suffering, but it was infinitely worth while.

Chapters 1 and 2 are prose except the words of the messengers reporting the successive disasters and the words of Job himself (v. 21). Chap. 42:7-17 is also prose.

These are the prologue and the epilogue. The body of the Book is sublime poetry.

Is the Book literal history? Many people think it is, even to the appearances of Satan in Heaven.

There is a moral difficulty. "We shrink from the very thought that He, Who is perfectly good and wise, could surrender His faithful servant to appalling affliction, in order that the accuser himself might be compelled to acknowledge the pure and disinterested nature of Job's religion." (Temple Bible)

An increasing number of reverent Christian scholars believe that Job was a real man. (Ezek. 14;14, 20) that the outline of the story is fact, but that the writer has taken it as a vehicle for his inspired teaching.

God trusts us to reason these things out in the light that He has given us. If we do so fearlessly, reverently and trustfully we shall not go far astray.

The Story of Job

LET us take up the story itself. Read the first two chapters.

Job was a great Arab chieftain of the land of Uz, south-east of Palestine. He was a good man and had become very wealthy, most of his wealth consisting in flocks and herds.

A day came when "the sons of God," —the angels—like the officers of an Oriental king came to present themselves before God, to give an account of their ministry. Among them came "the Satan", "the Adversary."

In his sneering, cynical way the Adversary asks, "Does Job serve God for nought?" He is sure that if Job falls into misfortune he will "renounce God." (R.V.)—"dismiss God", that is cease to serve Him. (The word sometimes means "to blaspheme")

God gives "the Satan" permission to take all Job's possessions from him. So in one day Job is bereft of all that he owned, and as a crowning sorrow, of his sons and daughters.

But the great, brave Job is patient under this sudden and terrible succession of strokes. He says,

The Lord gave,
And the Lord hath taken away;
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Then there comes another day of a heavenly council when the angels present their reports to God, and again, "the Satan" is with them.

A conversation between God and "the Adversary" takes place, similar to that in Chapter 1. God says of Job, "still he holdeth fast his integrity, although thou movest me against him to destroy him," or perhaps "so that it was in vain thou movest me against him to destroy him."

"The Satan" answers,—sneering always, with his mean, cynical view of human nature—that if Job is afflicted in his own body he will certainly "renounce" God.

Skin for skin.—My mother used to interpret the phrase as "skin upon skin," as the wealth of early peoples would largely consist in the pelts of animals.

Or the "skin" may mean the whole animal, as we say a "head" of cattle.

The general meaning is clear. In Satan's opinion Job would give up every "skin" of his herds if it would save him from personal suffering.

Job now became afflicted with "sore boils" (lit., "an evil inflammation") generally taken to mean a terrible form of leprosy.

Among the ashes.—Probably the mound of refuse found outside an Eastern town, frequented by lepers and other outcasts.

Job's Endurance

JOB'S wife advised him to "renounce God and die." Probably she meant, "Better kill yourself than continue in this horrible suffering."

We must not judge Job's wife too harshly. Remember that she also had suffered the loss of her children and her possessions. Most likely she spoke in pity for Job. In that long ago time suicide was sometimes considered as "a way out." Coming from one whom he

(Please turn to Page 8.)

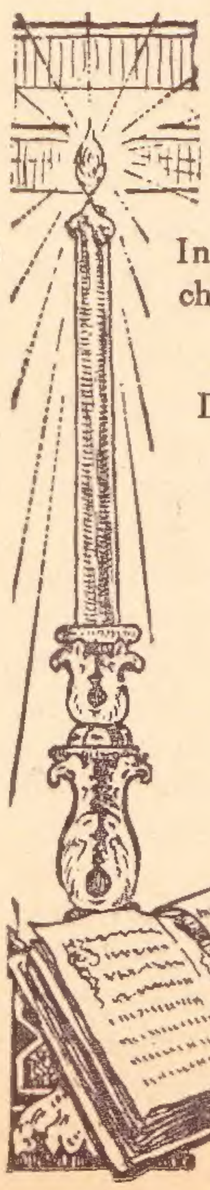
We are about to take up a series of studies in the Hebrew poets. There is a great deal of poetry in the Bible. We often find the Bible writers quoting from old poems. There is for instance "The Song of the Well" (Num. 21:7, 8) There were collections of Poems, "The Book of the Wars of Jehovah" (Num. 21:14); "The Book of Jasher" (Josh. 10:12, 13; 2 Sam. 1:17-27) and others.

Most of the Prophets were also Poets. Sometimes they swing from prose to poetry and back again with the varying tenor of their message.

The great feature of Hebrew poetry is "parallelism." A thought is expressed, and then it is strengthened by the same thought in different words, or perhaps it is enforced by an illustration, or it is balanced by a contrast. The opening verses of Psalm 37 are a beautiful series of interwoven "parallelisms."

Fret not thyself because of evil doers,
Neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity
For they shall soon be cut down like grass
And withered like the green herb.

Trust in the Lord and do good;
So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed,
Delight thyself also in the Lord
And He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.



Memory Verse

In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly.

—Job 1:22.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

From July 1 to July 7.

Mon.—Job. 1:1-5
Tue.—Job 1:6-12
Wed.—Job 1:13-22.
Thu.—Job 2:1-13
Fri.—I Pet. 4:12-19
Sat.—Eph. 6:10-16
Sun.—Psalm 13:1-6

A Black-Out Story

The "Daily Herald" recently published this story:—"A happy wanderer stumbled out of a public-house in the black-out, and in the doorway stood a man selling tortoises. He bought one and passed on. Five minutes later he was back again, calling to the man, 'Hi, let me have another of those meat pies. But not so crusty this time!' "

A few additional words would point the temperance moral in this whimsical yarn.—Everybody's Monthly.

The Finished Article

I recently met the finished article of the liquor trade. He was lying in the gutter. He had no hat; the hat trade was suffering. His coat was ragged; the tailoring trade was suffering. There were holes in his boots; the boot trade was suffering. He had no shirt; the linen trade was suffering. He was dirty; the soap trade was suffering. Indeed, I can hardly mention an industry in this country that was not affected by that man's insobriety.—Lord Rhayader.

"Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains. That we should with joy, pleasure, revel and applause, transform ourselves into beasts."—Shakespeare.

Success in Service

As one grows older, time passes more and more quickly. Comparatviely speaking, life only lasts for a short time and is soon away. . . . As the success of our Service will depend to a great extent on our personal character, we must discipline ourselves in order that we may be a good influence to others. . . .

As a Rover Scout you recognize other fellows as being, with yourself, sons of the same Father, and you disregard whatever may be their difference of opinion or caste, creed or country. You suppress your prejudices and find out their good points; anyone can criticize their bad ones. If you exercise this love for men of other countries and help to bring about international peace and good-will, that is God's Kingdom on earth.—Lord Baden-Powell to "Rover Scouts".

FOR whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.—Luke 14:11.

"If someone is too tired to give you a smile, just give him one of yours anyway; for nobody needs a smile as much as those who have none left to give."

Alcohol-drinking affords one of the most amazing demonstrations of the power that convention has to influence people in face of overwhelming scientific and other evidence.

—DR. R. F. RATTRAY, M.A.

As an eagle stirs up its nest, and hovers over its eaglets, spreads out its wings, takes them, and carries them upon its pinions, so the Eternal alone did lead him.—Deuteronomy 32: 11-12 (Hebrew Translation).

Irreverence ends in irresponsibility.

This is a law-abiding Universe.

A vision appeared to Paul in the night: There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us.—Acts 16:9.

And after he had seen the vision, immediately we endeavoured to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us to preach the gospel unto them.—Acts 16:10.

The most obvious lesson of the gospel is, that there is no happiness in having and getting, only in giving.—Henry Drummond.

A GOOD MAN

(Continued from Page 7.)

loved, the temptation to Job must have come with dreadful force.

But he put it from him. Man has "a warfare upon earth," as he says. (7:1 marg.) He must not desert his post till he receives his Commander's orders.

Job's rebuke to his wife is gentle. She is not a foolish woman, but the strain has been too much for her and she has spoken "like" one.

"What?" Job says, "shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" His confidence in God is still unshaken.

With his lips.—"This does not mean that Job did sin in his heart." (Dummelow) In spite of his sufferings his heart is loyal to God.

Job's three friends come "to mourn with him and to comfort him." They are three splendid old Arab chieftains like himself. You can imagine them meeting, talking of their friend's misfortunes, and then approaching his city or encampment.

At first when they reach the rubbish heap they do not recognize Job. Can this poor rgaged old man with his disfigured face be their friend whom they last saw in happiness and princely dignity?

"They break out in loud weeping, rend their garments and throw dust in the air so that it falls upon their heads. All this is in Eastern symbolism of mourning. The words of consolation fail upon their lips, and they sit beside him for seven days and seven nights, uttering never a word." (Dummelow)

For they saw that his grief was very great.—Sometimes when a friend is in great trouble—trouble too deep for us to understand,—the best thing we can do is to grip his hand and sit with him in silence.

Our memory verse is from Job's confession of faith when misfortune first overwhelmed him,

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

The figure of Job, ragged and ill, seated on his ash heap, is one of the grandest in all literature, for in his trust in God he is unconquered and unconquerable.

The mystery of suffering is still with us. It is often the best and highest that suffer most. Within the last months we have seen nations, among the most peaceful, the noblest and the most enlightened in Europe, ruined by the invader. We know that not only young soldiers, but nurses who devote their lives to help the sick and wounded, have been killed and maimed. We know that women and little children have seen their homes destroyed or have died under shell fire.

Don't let the children of our Sunday Schools dwell on these horrors unless they can help in any way. But all except the very little ones know something of these things. So let us help them to trust knowing still that "God is Love."

There is one thing that we have that Job had not. God has come in Jesus Christ our Lord and has lived and died among and for men, "bearing their griefs and carrying their sorrows." He is not an Emperor sitting on a throne and receiving "reports" from His angels. He is the unseen Friend, with us and with all who suffer. "For He Himself hath said 'I will never leave thee, neither will I in any wise forsake thee." (Heb. 13:5 R.V.) He will bring us through.

Questions

1. Who was Job?
2. Was he a good man?
3. What did "the Satan" say about him?
4. What misfortunes overtook him in one day?
5. What added misfortune came upon him?
6. Why did his three friends come to him?
7. "The Lord gave—" Complete the verse.

COURTEOUS SCOUT

By "YARN SPINNER"

For the Messenger.

IT'S FUNNY how things turn out. Only for the icy streets in early March, "Dutch Pete" of St. Peter's troop could not have gone camping on Dominion Day.

Perhaps that's not quite the right way of putting it. Only Dutch Pete helped——. But I'd better tell you the story.

"Dutch Pete," whose real name was Peter Webber, had joined St. Peter's Troop along with other members of the old Canal Gang. Studying for his "tenderfoot", he came to the 5th Scout Law,

A Scout is Courteous

"What's 'courteous', Mr. Manley?" he asked.

The young A.S..M. sat down beside the boy.

"Chief Scout Baden-Powell explains it," he said, "'A Scout is polite to all —but especially to women and children, and old people and invalids, cripples, etc. And he must not take any reward for being helpful or courteous'."

Pete looked thoughtful. It was something new for a boy who three weeks ago had been a member of the Canal Gang.

Jack Manley went on:

"King Arthur and his knights were courteous to everyone, even if people laughed at them for their courtesy. And don't you remember the film of 'Robin Hood', how he and his men pledged themselves to be courteous and kind, especially to the weak and poor?"

Jack passed on to give Tony Mantelli a hand with his knots. Pete continued studying the Law.

The very next day he was making his way home from school. Rain was coming down in sheets and freezing as it fell. Pete wasn't sorry that a hot tea was waiting him at home. He would change his wet shoes and clothes and study the Scout book that Mr. Manley had lent him.

It was then that he saw the group at the other side of the street. The woman was a foreigner. There was a grace and dignity about her, though she was poorly clad. She had one child in her arms and a small boy was tugging at her skirts. She was evidently coming from the market for the heads and tails of several fish protruded from a large shopping bag which she held in her hand. Cars were dashing up and down the street and evidently she was afraid to cross.

It didn't take Pete a minute to dart over and take control of the situation. Taking the little boy by the hand and relieving the woman of her bag he proceeded to convoy the party across the street.

A big truck came splashing along. "Take this, kid," said Pete, handing the bag to the boy. Then standing with his hand upraised in the very attitude of his friend "Traffic Cop" Sullivan, he held up the rather astonished truck driver till his new friends were safe on the sidewalk.

Safe? Well, not quite. The small boy promptly slipped and sat down in a pool of water and immediately set up a howl. At the same time he dropped the bag and half a dozen fish went slithering over the ice.

Pete releasing the traffic darted to the rescue. He picked up the boy and after some trouble retrieved the fish, while the woman showered her thanks and blessings on him in some foreign tongue.

The boy was still yelling and the baby was crying. Pete began to feel rather conspicuous. He would gladly have escaped but "A Scout is courteous." He felt that it was up to him to see the adventure to the end. So again grabbing boy and bag he tramped miserably in the direction the woman volubly indicated.

To make matters worse, he saw two of his old companions of "the Gang" standing in the doorway of Goulding's soft-drink store. He knew they were laughing at him.

Their jeers became louder as a door opened and an old man half ran and half slid to join Pete and his party.

A tall figure clad in long black coat, a long straggling grey beard, with hair also long, grey and straggling, crowned with a shapeless hat. He carried a large umbrella with which,—rather unsuccessfully,—he tried to protect the whole party from the downpour. With all his strange appearance the old man, like the woman, had a queer dignity about him. The woman said something to him and his eyes beamed through his glasses as he turned to Pete.

"Ach! the goot leetle boy. He has been goot to mine daughter Rachel and her kinder; and she with her husband away and no one to help her but her poor old fader. Ach! the boy is goot. Come in, little boy. Come in."

Pete could not refuse the invitation, especially as the little boy was still wetly grasping his hand. He entered the house. The old man pulled a purse from his pocket and solemnly offered Pete fifty cents.

"No, sir, thank you sir," said Pete. "You see I'm a Scout and a Scout doesn't take anything for doing a good turn."

"A Scout? Oh yes! There used to be Scouts in my country. That was long ago——."

There was a smouldering spark in the old man's eyes. But they beamed out more affectionately than ever, "But sit down, leetle boy, sit down."

A comfortable chair was drawn up near the stove and Peter was persuaded to take a glass of tea. Pete had never tasted tea with a slice of lemon in it instead of milk or sugar. But he didn't find it so bad.

While drinking his tea he had leisure to observe the room. Its walls were lined with shelves containing rows of strange eastern-looking jars labelled with queer characters. A framed document hung in one corner.

But Pete was to see something more of Mr. Levinson, his daughter and her children. Coming home from the Scout meeting with Tony Mantelli, the following Friday night the boys passed the head of the narrow street in which the family lived. Half-way down the street was a gasoline filling station. Suddenly there came a flash and a roar.

They learned afterwards that through some mischance a gasoline tank had exploded. All they knew at the time was that the world shook as if with an earthquake and that the station was in a sheet of flame which shot across the street and threatened the houses opposite.

"Fire alarm, Quick!" yelled Pete and Tony raced back to the alarm box while Pete rushed toward the Levinsons' house, which was right in the path of the explosion.

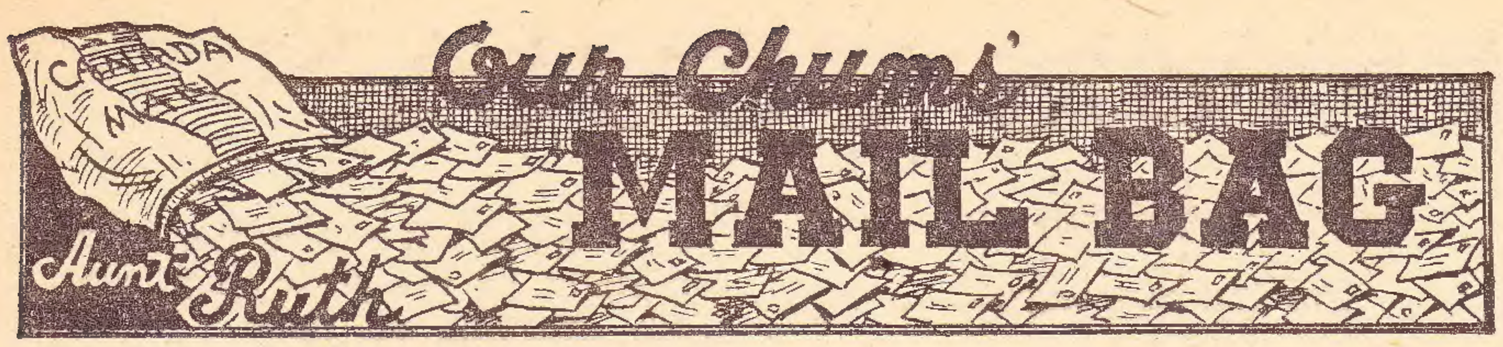
People were pouring from every door in the street, men were shouting and women and children screaming. The explosion had wrecked the wire conduits so the electric lights were out and the scene was only lighted by the flames from the burning station.

(Concluded Next Week.)

BEGIN TO SEEK

To make mistakes as we are on the way to knowledge is far more honorable than to escape making them through never having set out to seek knowledge.

—RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D.



DEAR CHUMS,—

Last week I asked you each to write a letter on:

"WHAT DOMINION DAY MEANS TO ME"

And these were some of the ideas I thought you might follow out in your letters: What does Dominion Day make you think of? Does it make you feel grateful? What does it make you want to do? Can you suggest ways of proving our appreciation of our country and its freedom? What can each person do to make real the saying that God "shall have dominion from sea to sea and from the river unto the ends of the earth?"

It might be a good idea to talk it over with your parents and teachers. But you must write the letter yourself in your own words.

Every successful letter-writer will win one of the special

DOMINION DAY MAPLE LEAF BADGES

which the editors of the Northern Messenger have promised to award. These badges are very handsome and will mark the wearer as something more than just a person living in Canada,—as a Canadian who loves his or her country and really wants to serve.

Address your letters to AUNT RUTH, c|o the Northern Messenger, P.O. Box 3070, Place d'Armes, Montreal.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

TO NOVA CAMERON FROM MARGARET WELDIN

Dear Nova,—I saw your letter on the Chums' Page and decided to write to you. I write to another girl also in Nova Scotia.

I have two brothers. I am the oldest in the family. When is your birthday? My birthday is in August and I will be thirteen. I am in grade seven at school and my teacher's name is Miss Stewart.

Do you like to read? I like reading very much. Can you swim? I learned last summer. I go to Sunday School every Sunday.

I live in a town with a population of nine thousand. In my next letter I will tell you about the town in which I live. I will close now and leave room for other Chums. Hoping to hear from you soon. Your new pen-pal,—Margaret Weldin.

Dear Aunt Ruth,—I am ten years of age and my birthday is March 29. I read the Northern Messenger every Sunday. I go to school and am in Grade V. My teacher's name is Miss Phillips.

On our farm we keep hens, pigs and a cow. For a pet I have a cat. It's name is Bill. I wonder if Grace Hilborn from Ontario will write to me. I must say goodbye now. — Helen Blades, N.S.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—Here I am again filling up more room on the Chums page. It has been quite a while since I wrote. I have joined the young people of our church. We have meetings every other week. We have more fun than a picnic. April the 18 we had a play at the church called "Mama's Baby Boy" put on by another church whch was very interesting and laughable. There were about eleven persons in the play.

I am writing another story. I guess I had better close now and leave room for other chums. Thanking you for your trouble. I remain, you chum.—Thelma Shaw, Ont.

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love.

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This Month's Prize Winner
RUTH BLACKBURN

Honorable Mention
MARION MATHESON

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This Week's Star Correspondent
HELEN BLADES

Honorable Mention
THELMA SHAW

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Merry Laughter

A laugh is just like music,
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard,
The ills of life depart;
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet;
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet.

—Anon.

"I Was a Stranger"

Active response by Canadians to the refugee problem was urged by the Rev. F. H. Wilkinson, preaching in the Church of St. James the Apostle, Montreal.

In this continent, the minister pointed out, large numbers of people have come in the past who could well be termed refugees from conditions they wished to leave behind.

These people have made their contributions to this country as well as to the United States. The contribution of the United Empire Loyalists was mentioned as an example. In giving harbor to other refugees today there will come rewards, apart from the meeting of responsibilities of a more favored country to other nationals.

"We who live in this favored land of ours ought to realize—with almost increasing shame—how great are our privileges, our responsibilities and opportunities," said Mr. Wilkinson.

"As we think of stricken Europe, its endless trains of refugees as in France during these past weeks family after family with sad eyes, exhausted, ever looking with terror to the skies, bearing the brunt of human suffering, we should think as to how we can express our gratitude and recognize our responsibilities.

"First, there has to be a response in the mind. We must have dimensions of sympathy which recognize that we are fighting an international evil. No longer can insignificant differences of politics or race separate us before the great need of humanity.

"This refugee question is first of all a question of heart. These people are victims of a common aggression which would brutalize this continent if it could.

"How many of us here will provide for some of these children? Would it be considered too much if the tenor of our way was upset a little by taking into our homes a child?"

There is but one law for all, namely, that law which governs all law, the law of our Creator, the law of humanity, justice, equity—the law of nature and of nations.—Edmund Burke.

The Boy Who Asked for the Sun

By R. H. Grenville.

(For the Messenger.)

This story is more than 2,000 years old, and was told in the days when people believed in all sorts of pagan gods, and really believed the sun to be a flaming chariot driven across the sky. Nowadays we know differently. But the moral of the story remains and justifies its being told. For you may be sure that if anything is denied you it is more often for your good than otherwise. Phaeton found this out; but when he did, it was too late.

YOU have heard people say of spoiled children that they "wanted the moon", by which they mean something pretty unreasonable. But the story I am going to tell you concerns a boy who wanted the sun. Though it turned out to be pretty much the same thing, as you will see.

The boy's name was Phaeton, and he was a nice enough boy except for one thing: he was unbearably conceited. You see, he happened to be the son of Apollo, the god whose duty it was to drive the sun across the sky. Most boys would have been proud and let it go at that. But Phaeton was never happy unless he was boasting about it.

One day as he was coming home from school, boasting as usual, an astrologer's son named Alestris asked what was so wonderful about it anyway.

"You'd think no one else could do anything," he said. "We aren't always boasting about our fathers, but they're just as clever as yours. What's there to driving a chariot anyway?"

* * *

PHAETON was so taken aback he could not answer. The other boys sided with Alestris.

"Yes, what's so wonderful about that?" echoed Synus, whose father was a philosopher. "For all we know he doesn't drive a chariot at all. And anyway, we're sick of hearing about it!"

That evening Phaeton was so angry he could hardly eat his supper, and he kept worrying his mother until she gave him permission to visit his father. He thought if he did this, Apollo would surely give him some wonderful gift that would make the others envious.

Apollo was delighted to see his boy, and made him as welcome as if he were a great lord. But when he heard the purpose of his visit his eyes lost their laughter and he became very grave indeed. But Phaeton told his story so well that Apollo finally agreed to let him have anything he wanted.

Imagine his surprise when Phaeton asked permission to drive the sun-chariot across the sky! Everyone was dismayed, for it was a well-known fact that only Apollo himself could manage the spirited horses that drew the carriage through space. In vain they pleaded with him to choose something less dangerous. But Phaeton, knowing that such a solemn promise could not be broken, insisted on his first choice.

* * *

BRIGHT and early the next morning he mounted the golden car and took the jewelled reins in his hands. The horses pawed the ground restlessly, tossing their fiery manes. For the first time since he had left home, something of the danger of his position assailed Phaeton. But he was ashamed to look frightened before all these people who had gathered in the courtyard, and shook his head boldly as ever.

Then the impatient steeds dashed forward, and in a burst of sunlight passed out of the eastern gates. Up! up! up! The glittering hooves struck fire from late stars. Fragments of clouds dashed against them like spray, and faster and faster went the terrible horses.

Suddenly, and without warning, they left their cloudy course and went plunging towards the earth. Immediately grass and trees shrivelled up like chaff. Lakes dried up and became deserts. Forests burst into flame.

Terrified at what he had done Phaetno urged the horses in an opposite direction. But this time they went too far away, so that winter covered the earth and what had not been burned was frozen to death.

* * *

APOLLO wrung his hands. Everywhere people were shouting in fear and confusion, clamoring for something to be done. Zeus, god of storms, took one of his thunderbolts from his quiver and struck Phaeton from the chariot.

In due time the horses returned to the eastern sky, and the rains filled the dried-out lakes, and the forests grew again. But Phaeton was never found, having fallen headlong into one of the deepest rivers of the world.

GOVERNORS AND KINGS

(Continued from Page 4.)

"Well, is that the sun that we see, or is there a body back of it that no man has seen at any time, but the light declares it?"

"Yes, I suppose there is a body that we know through the light."

"Is there one sun, or two? Which is the sun?"

"One sun, they are inseparable."

"Now," I said, "when I put my hand in the light I feel something; what is it?"

"It is the sun."

"Yes," said I; "it is a power that goes down into the blackness and death of the earth, takes hold of the life in the seed, and brings up the beautiful grass and flowers and trees. What is it?"

"It is the sun; without the sun there is no life."

"Your Excellency, is there one sun, or three suns?"

"One sun."

"Which is the sun, the light, the body, or the power?"

"It is all one and inseparable."

"Well, Your Excellency, if you have no difficulty in recognizing a trinity in the sun with three things so distinct as the light, the body, and the power, why should you have difficulty in recognizing a trinity in the Godhead? God loved man and wished to manifest Himself to him. The manifestation of Himself He call His Son, just as your poet speaks of the light as the sun of the orb; and your Koran speaks of Jesus as 'Noor Allah' (Light of God) and 'Ruh Allah' (Spirit of God). We Christians do not worship three Gods as you accuse us of doing, but one God; God the Father, 'whom no man hath seen at any time;' God the Son, who said, 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father'; and God the Spirit, who comes from the Father and the Son into our hearts and teaches us what He wants us to be and do—all One Inseparable God."

* * *

THERE were no more threats of deportation, and before a great while the Turks of Van made complaint to Constantinople that the Vali was too friendly to the Christians. He was removed from his position, but, being a man of great power and ability, he rose again and became Vali of the most important province in Turkey.

When the order was given from Constantinople to deport and destroy the Armenians he refused absolutely to obey. He gave up a very large salary and allowed himself and his family to be banished and their lives endangered. The last I heard of him he was living on a farm in the interior of Turkey near Tokat.

I have wondered sometimes how many of us who profess to be Christ-

(Please turn to Page 12.)

BUGLES AT VERCHERES

(Continued from Page 11.)

denly realized that a war-painted Iroquois knelt beside the shrub staring intently at the fort! With quick stealth he advanced his musket and fired. There was a violent disturbance of brush and grass beside the thicket and a yell which old Baptiste declared a death-cry.

So it went. In the course of a week, three or four such incidents—not always with so certain an outcome even—represented the garrison's total of active effort. Day and night the young Madeleine was afoot cheering the defenders, encouraging, helping, reassuring. It seemed to Paul that she never rested, never slept. They followed her lead as best they could, not for a moment forgetting the dread threat of a successful Iroquois assault of their walls.

Convinced at last that the enemy had really lifted the siege, Paul and old Baptiste one evening sought Madeleine, with a plan that one or both of them should leave the fort when it should be thickly dark, to scout the neighborhood cautiously in an effort to end the unbearable uncertainty of their imprisonment. They found her with arms extended across a loaded musket on a table, head fallen upon them. At last, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, she had fallen asleep. They awakened her regretfully and described their plan, but she refused to consent. It did not occur to them to question her authority.

"In any case, Paul, it is the hour for the lights out—the bugle is on the table there—"

Round and sweet and full the silvery notes flowed across the palisades, to be echoed back from the deep woods behind the clearing.

* * *

BUT suddenly Madeleine leaped to her feet, her eyes wide. Another call, no echo this time, had answered Paul's! Another bugle was on the river, close at hand! Could it be the relief? Were they safe at last?

They heard a sentry challenge:

"Qui vive?"

Was it friend, or foe? Swiftly the answer came: "We are French, come to relieve you!"

At the first note of the second call, Paul had leaped to his bastion. Now he returned as swiftly. "It is La Monnerie who comes, Madeleine . . . La Monnerie!"

Quickly the bars were removed from the gates and in a few minutes besieged and rescuer stood face to face.

"I submit the fort to you, Monsieur de la Monnerie!"

The officer bowed profoundly. "I am sure, Mademoiselle, it has been in most excellent hands!"

Quickly La Monnerie's men were dismissed and quartered comfortably. Fires were lighted. After supper perhaps the officer would hear something of the week's siege.

Paul found old Baptiste looking dreamily up the darkened river, beyond the tall rushes that would be whispering in the night wind.

"There will be ducks in the reeds at daybreak, my Paul. We could go perhaps, eh?"

Paul laughed, agreeably. "But of course *pere Baptiste* . . . why not? I will get a good musket; get ready your boat and my canoe!"

"I get half, eh? All right, all right—before the sun then! Don't be late!"

BEFORE GOVERNORS AND KINGS

(Continued from Page 2.)

ians would have measured up to the standard of that man who had never made any profession of faith in Christ. If we believe that Chrsit paid our debt on Calvary, does it not behoove us to ask ourselves, How are we going to show our thanks?—Marching Orders.

OPEN YOUR GATES

(Continued from Page 5.)

fate. In England the movement might prevent and save.

Would English parents permit their children thus to leave? There is no way of telling until the invitation is issued. But we feel deeply how heartfelt would be the welcome which American families would extend to these young kinsfolk snatched from instant peril.

Since there are so few ways in which we can express our solidarity with the Allies in this crisis, as they fight for their lives as free men, all the more let us offer this first simple aid to friends in trouble. And let it be offered now! —New York Herald Tribune.

Practical

Counsel (cross-examining a farmer): "Now don't quibble! Do you understand a simple problem or not?"

Witness: "I do."

"Then tell the court this: If 15 men ploughed a field in five hours, how long will 30 men take to plough the same field"

"They couldn't do it."

"Why not?"

"Because the 15 men have already ploughed it!"

To the Top

"I am very proud of the way my son has worked his way to the top."

"What is he doing?"

"Well, he started as a shoemaker and finished as a hairdresser."

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. An Arab chieftain of the Land of Uz.
2. Yes. He is described as "perfect and upright." (1:8; 2:3)
3. That if he were afflicted he would "renounce God."
4. His property was taken from him and his sons and daughters killed in a storm.
5. He was afflicted with terrible disease.
6. To comfort him.
7. The Lord gave,
   And the Lord hath taken away;
   Blessed be the name of the Lord.

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If the bundle is to be sent to a new address, please state both old and new. The bundle should always go in the name of the official *most permanently interested*, though it may be addressed to him in C/o someone more convenient to S.S. or P.O.

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would interest some S. S. friend of yours who may not know what the Messenger is like today. It will be sent on request.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
P.O. Box 3070, Place d'Armes,
Montreal, Quebec.

Keep your WITS WORKING

Riddles Contributed by Chums

1. How do you get down off a donkey?
2. What did the big rose say to the little rose?
3. What did one eye say to the other eye?

—Sent in by Theo-Marie Coray, B.C.

CROSS THE BROOK

PLACE representing "brook" is marked off by two lines. Players run and jump over and then turn and jump back with standing jump. Those who fail are "out." Width of brook is increased every time till only one player is left.

CENTRE BALL

ONE player stands in centre armed with soft ball. Each player runs round room or ground in turn while "centre" tries to strike him with ball. "Centre" must stand in his place. Any player hit must stand in selected corner or corners, but can be released by being touchd by a runner. Last player hit takes place in centre.

TWISTED RIVERS

1. NEWSTARCEL
2. BATHASAAC
3. SERFRA
4. NICEKEMAZ
5. ACEEP
6. WOTAAT

A TONGUE TWISTER

"Write we know is written right
When we see it written write;
But when we see it written wright
We know 'tis not then written right;
For write to have it written right
Must not be written right nor wright,
Nor yet should it be written rite,
But write—for so 'tis written right."

—C. N.

"Go to sleep, Tony."

"I can't, Mummy!"

"Count the sheep going over the stile, dear."

"They won't — they're all going through the gate."

Some Dog

Braxton: "Speaking about baseball, I've got a baseball dog."

Jasper: "What makes you call him a baseball dog?"

Braxton: "Because he wears a muzzle, catches flies, chases fowls, and beats it for home when he sees the catcher coming."

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Rhyming Riddle.—Dominion of Canada.

A Guessing Game.—1. Palm Olive; 2. Sunlight; 3. Comfort; 4. Gold; 5. Lux; 6. Pear's; 7. Woodbury's; 8. Infant's Delight; 9. Many Flowers; 10. Lifebuoy; 11. Castile; 12. Ivory; 13. Fels Naphtha; 14. Baby's Own.

Jumbled Fowls.—Buff Orpington, Plymouth Rock, Minorca, Leghorn.

KITTEN

You little bit of fluff,
Though scarcely strong enough,
To keep your wobbling stand;
You nestle in my hand,
Your manner timorous,
Your tail ridiculous,
Your blue eyes vague and weak,
Your mew a feeble squeak.
It's hard to vision that
Some day you'll be a cat,
And arch your coat of fur
With most engaging purr
That shakes your whole machine;
To clamber up the screen
And stalk unwary birds
In spite of chiding words,
Each eye a gleaming spark:
Topazes in the dark;
Or, stretch out in the sun
In warm oblivion.

—Our Dumb Animals.

BURIED LANDS

1. He says that I am misinformed.
2. What does that wheel measure in diameter?
3. Have you doubled the capital you started with?
4. He became rich in a year.
5. A blow to stun is forbidden.
6. Eschew ales, wines and spirits.
7. Faith holds on when hope runs away.
8. Where is the book which I left with you?
9. The reading of that letter was painful.
10. Kemal takes the Moslem world by storm.

Hot Weather Philosophy

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

WEAR a chunk of ice or a wet cabbage leaf in your hat if you want to. Do not grow hot under the collar from causes other than climatic.

Consult the thermometer only when the wind is in the north or the north-west or the north-east, or at some other point in which the north holds a majority of the stock. Rebuke the man who tells you that it is hot. He is a calamity howler and one of Job's comforters. Do not be stylish at the expense of your temperature.

If you drink cooling drinks be very sure that they are not heating. Never try to outrun a street car, cheat an elevator, or enjoy your newspaper by the kitchen range.

Above all things, don't worry. Even if you think things are going to smash there is no use in your accompanying them. The fellow that can look adversity in the face and smile has all the best of it. Take a rest when there is an opening for it. Get out on the boats and the street cars that are their own breeze makers.

Take in the parks do your walking on the shady side of the streets, pit your intelligence and thoughtfulness against the dangers of heat, and you minimize the chances of danger.

If you can't keep cool, keep as cool as you can.

Advertising

The paeans of praise which greeted the publication of Longfellow's "Hiawatha" were not unmixed with the discords of ridicule. Loud among the poem's detractors was the Boston Daily Traveller, which engaged the poet's publisher in a most unpleasant controversy.

One day when the post brought an unusually large number of uncomplimentary letters the publisher hastened to Cambridge, and bursting into the poet's study, cried, "These atrocious libels must be stopped!"

Looking up from his work, Longfellow said quietly, "By the way, Fields how is 'Hiawatha' selling?"

"Wonderfully!" replied the publisher. "No other book of yours has ever had such a sale!"

"Then," remarked the poet, calmly, "suppose we let those people go on advertising it?"

"Tell me, please, how I should go about getting a start in the great game of business?"

"Sell your wrist watch, and buy an alarm clock."

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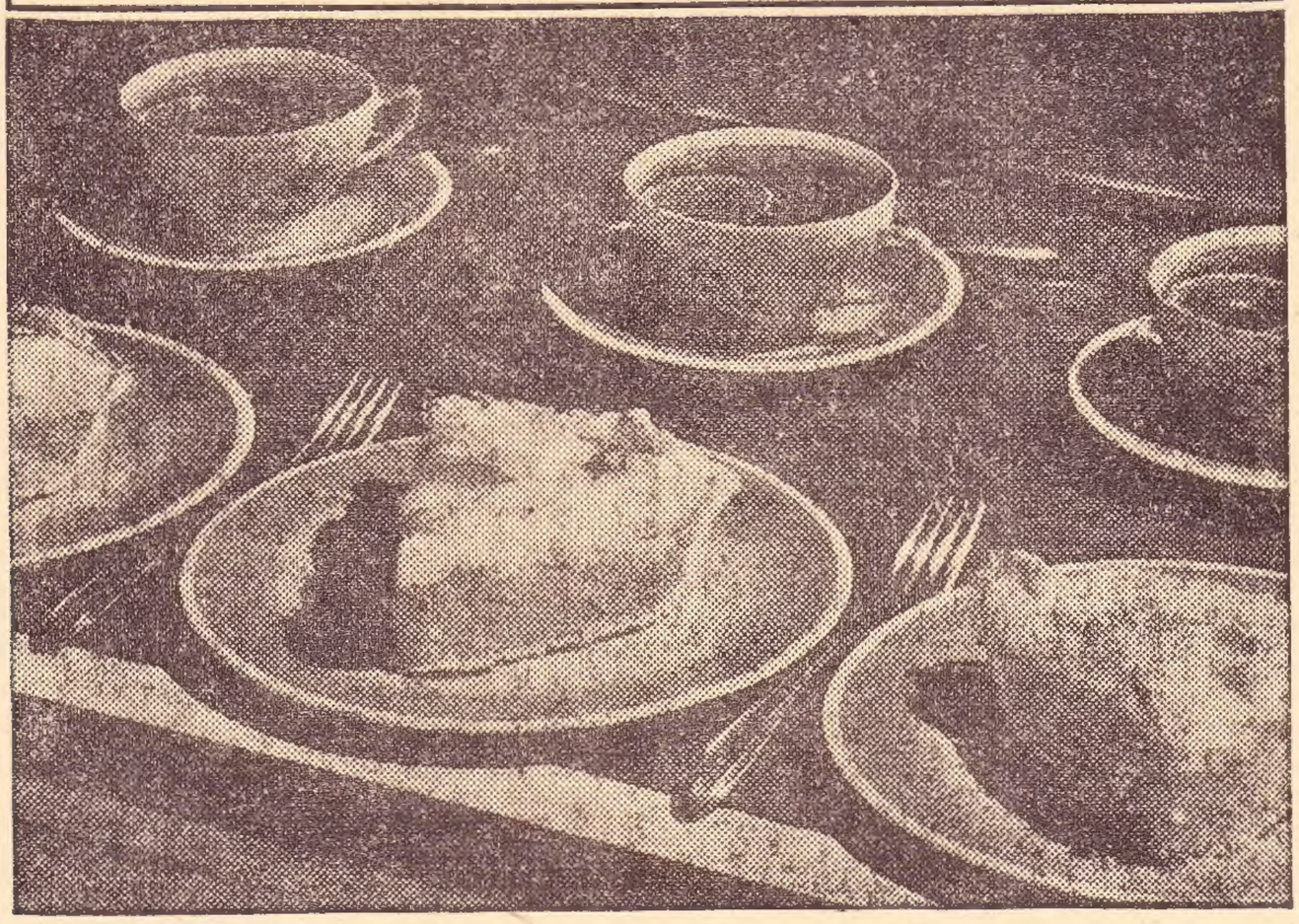
Three Lemon Pie Tricks



DELIGHTFUL VARIATIONS

"Come for dessert."

Lemon pie speaks its message without words.

The hostess, however, who serves it, writes this invitation on her calling cards, together with date and hour for an afternoon gathering of a dozen friends to finish luncheons begun at their own homes with a closing dessert at hers. With dessert, she offers a beverage—here a cup of tea, served with lemon. The guests go home in time to prepare dinner for tired husbands, their own appetites unimpaired.

The same suggestion may be used for a dinner dessert, where a hostess does not have facilities to serve a large dinner party. Men come for these desserts, necessitating a careful choice. Lemon pie is practically "tops" with men and always welcome.

Three simple tricks in cooking make this lemon pie a reputation builder for the hostess that serves it. Trick one—add lemon juice and egg to pastry mix—result, flaky crust of a superior tenderness. Trick two—cook filling first, then add freshly squeezed lemon juice after the cooking flame is out—result, a filling fragrantly fresh in flavor. Trick three—add a little lemon juice to the meringue—result, a more tender, easy-to-cut meringue. Full recipe directions are as follows:

Sunkist Lemon Meringue Pie

Bring to a boil in saucepan on direct heat: 1 cup water or milk, 3-4 cup sugar, 1-4 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel,
Add: 5 tablespoons cornstarch, blended with 1-2 cup cold water.

Cook over low heat until thickened (about 5 minutes), stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add separately, mixing well each time:

2 well beaten egg yolks, 1 tablespoon butter, 6 tablespoons lemon juice.

Pour filling into an 8-inch Sunkist Pastry shell. Top with Sunkist Meringue. Brown in moderate oven (325 degrees F.), for 15 minutes.

Sunkist Pastry

Sift together:
3 cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon salt,
Cut in:
1 cup shortening,
Add:
1 slightly beaten egg, combined with 3 tablespoons lemon juice,
Add gradually:
Ice water—just enough to bind dough together.

Roll pastry out thin and line pie plates. Bake in hot oven (475 degrees F.), for 15 minutes. (Makes three 8-inch single pie shells. Keep unbaked dough in refrigerator until needed).

Sunkist Meringue

Beat until frothy:
2 egg whites
Add graduallly:
4 tablespoons sugar. Continue beating but only until egg holds its shape in peaks. Fold in: 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Cover pie.

YOUR CHILD AND HIS GARDEN

LOUISE PRICE BELL

EVERY child likes to play in the mud. Is not the sand-pile a happy substitute which proves just that? And almost every child is an embryo gardener who—if given a chance—will develop with surprising rapidity into a full-fledged one.

Make sure that your child has a little plot of ground that he can definitely call his own. It isn't quite the same when he helps Mother or Daddy with their big garden, even though *that* is fun. But it doesn't create that feeling of self-importance that having a really truly garden of one's own does!

Youngsters have an instinctive love of growing things, and allowing them to have their own gardens is an excellent way to train them in matters of self-discipline, orderliness, and the appreciation of beauties *which are a result of their efforts.* For no one can deny that a well-cared-for garden of vegetables is as beautiful in its way as is a garden of flowers—and the choice should be left to the child.

If Bobby's garden needs attention at the same time that he wants to play, the necessity of a decision as to what to do is excellent self-discipline, and you will find that, almost invariably, his choice will be to work in his "very own garden". For after doing the amount of publicizing that most children do when they acquire a garden of their own, it is the rare youngster who wants to be teased about his "bed of weeds."

Give the children sites where the soil is good, for, as in many other projects, it is not wise to have the first efforts meet with discouraging results. If the land about your home isn't fertile, be sure that you make this one spot so, with the young gardener's help. This will not only assure better flowers and vegetables but will also make the soil easier to be worked by small hands, and allow the plants to come through the ground much more quickly than they would through clayish soil. This rapid appearance will satisfy the eagerness of the young gardener.

Be patient in explaining to them why the soil should be free from lumps and stones—show them exactly how to prepare the soil and plant the seeds (or plants) *BUT* let them do the actual work themselves!

Teach them the correct way to sprinkle their gardens. Explain that the tiny seeds which they have planted in such even rows will easily be washed into a heap, if they let too much water flow onto the earth. Help them with the thinning process until you are sure that they understand which are the weeds, and explain that it is necessary to remove these to give the plants plenty of "breathing space."

Most important of all—when the vegetables or flowers are ready to use, either as a part of the family menu or to decorate the home, be lavish in your praise of them. It is natural for earnest workers to like to hear praise about the "fruits of their labors" . . . and surely children, who have raised those products, thoroughly deserve praise!

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th St., New York City.)

SHREWD

Grandma was helping Peggy to make out a list of little guests for her party.

"How about the Morton twins?" Grandma asked.

"Well, there's no need to ask them both," Peggy answered, 'they are 'zactly alike."

Northern Messenger

MONTREAL, JUNE 28, 1940.

"CALLED UP" TO SERVE

RECENT tragic events in Europe have brought the war,—as one may say,—right to our own doors. No one knows what an hour may bring forth.

Any ordinary comment which we could make on the crisis would be long out of date before it could reach our readers. And yet we would like to say something if only to show that readers and editors are bound together in mind and heart.

And the first word we would say is that which was given over and over again to a people in the old time "Fear not!" The prophets continually reminded their people, first: that the great world conquerors with whom they had to deal could only go as far as God permitted them. And this permission was only accorded them for the discipline of His people,—who would not heed any more kindly discipline,—and for their ultimate good and the good of the world.

This confidence in God which the prophets taught did not mean that the Jews were to throw down their arms and submit to their enemies and the enemies of their religion. It meant rather that they should engage in their stern task of resistance with renewed courage, realizing that they were backed by Unconquerable Power.

This was the condition until as in the later days of Jeremiah the nation had almost utterly left God's ways and so had become unfitted for independent survival. We do not believe that we have reached that melancholy stage.

A small boy said the other day, "We have Someone to help us that the Germans haven't got. We have God."

What manner of people ought we to be who believe that we are "on the Lord's side" in the struggle? We should of course be fearless. But beyond this we should be willing to throw ourselves and all that we have into a conflict, the issues of which concern not only our own, but future generations.

And beyond that again though we hate, and rightly hate, German methods and German purposes, we must not soil our souls with hatred of German men and women.

Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth and after we have striven,
Peace in Thy Heaven!

But most of our readers are boys and girls and others who cannot help directly in the War. What are they to do? Our Government is ordering a National Registration in which all "grown ups" will place themselves at the service of the nation. Some of us will find tasks allotted to us through this means.

Then there are the Refugees, especially refugee children. Some of us can help here.

There is the Red Cross. Many children throughout Canada are helping in this work in a number of different ways. Get in touch with the Red Cross Society and you will be told what you can do.

But above all: "Do the duty that lies next to you." As you do this you will see other duties more clearly.

The great lack in our Democracies is that of order and discipline. Democracy does not mean that everyone is free to do as he likes. That is anarchy and confusion. Democracy means that we must discipline ourselves and be free to do what we ought to do. If we refuse to do so we may come under the discipline of a tyrant.

There is much scope for self-discipline at home, at school, at play. To obey promptly and without grudging. To be kindly and helpful even when it goes "against the grain." This will help to steady the nerves of the household and the community at a time when nerves need to be steady. Many boys and girls are realizing their responsibility in this respect and are thus helping to lay the foundation for a greater Canada and a better world. As Kipling prays in the Children's Song:

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

LET US OPEN OUR HEARTS AND HOMES

VERY soon a flood of immigration will be coming to our shores. The immigrants will not be of the type to which we have been accustomed,—sturdy young men and women fitted to make their way in a new land.

They will be helpless children. But if we open our hearts and homes to them they will be a help and a blessing to us and to Canada. They are children from Scandinavia, children from Holland, Belgium, France and from Britain itself. The call is very definite and clear that Christian homes should open to this flood of helpless humanity. Our hearts should first prepare themselves,—for this is a great privilege and a great trust that God is giving us,—and then our doors must be flung open and these homeless ones gathered in. There must be as little delay as possible; the matter is most urgent.

For weeks past the Old Country illustrated papers and newsreels have shown heart-rending pictures of people fleeing before the German hordes. Let us put ourselves in the place of these poor people. Supposing Canada were invaded, its cities and farms destroyed, and supposing we were uprooted from our livelihood, how we should long for a Christian home that would be a refuge for our children till happier days.

Many of us who cannot go to fight or to help in other ways overseas will, in receiving refugee children, be "doing our bit." In this way we shall be able to help Britain and to help the Empire and the Cause it has undertaken. But more important still we shall be doing something for God Who has done all for us.

The word in the Scriptures in this and similar crises is very definite. "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again. . . . Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth Me. . . . I was a stranger and ye took me in. . . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . ye have done it unto me. . . . Be not forgetful to entertain strangers for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

"Messenger" homes are Christian homes and it is Christian homes that should receive these children.

The Lure of Angling

ANGLING to most people is what Johnson defined it, "A fool at one end, a worm at the other." Of all sport, it is the least understood, writes D. D. Joseph, in The Western Mail, Cardiff.

Speak of golf, or bowls, or football, or cricket, and conversation flows like a non-stop wireless, but mention angling, or fishing, and observe the effect!

"How can you sit down by the hour on the banks of a river? I wouldn't have the patience to do it"—and this with a half smile of condescending contempt.

If a golfer tells his friends, for instance, that he has driven a ball 500 yards through the air, or holed in one, they will instantly place him on a pedestal, and talk about it until another brings off an even more amazing performance.

Let an angler mention casually that he landed a 30-lb. salmon, or caught a 2-lb. trout, with his first cast of the season, and nobody believes him. Even his wife is apt to say, "How much a pound did you pay at So-and-So's?"

Few believe his stories about the fish he catches, fewer still his stories of the fish he plays and loses. Sometimes he himself finds it difficult to believe them, but he cannot help telling them, for the angler, generally speaking, is a very innocent soul.

More to it than the Fish

IT may sound incredible, yet it is entirely true, that the majority of anglers do not go fishing merely for the sake of the fish they hope to creel. Possibly, if this were the lure, not many would ever go, even were it true that "hope springs eternal in the human breast."

There is far more to angling than catching fish, or trying to do so; in no other form of sport can one so thoroughly drink in the peace and serenity of nature.

A day on the banks of the stream, far from the madding crowd, in the pure air and clear quiet of the unspoiled wilds, takes out all the kinks of life. The meldody of babbling waters, the curlew's cry, the croak of the crow, the bleating of lambs, the breath of the breeze through the trees make music that steals into the deeps of being.

In a yard of running water can be seen ever-changing, ever blending shades of green and gold, olive and silver, and every pool mirrors sky and cloud. A sun-kissed sheltered nook is aglow with primroses or celandines. Grasses and ferns line the banks with prodigal adornment.

ONE day on the Monnow river where it runs through an avenue of trees, the sun came out after a shower and pictured branch and twig and leaf on the lightly-stained water in delicate lacework.

The effect was so marvellous that I forgot I held my rod. As I stood gazing spellbound I felt a light touch on the butt of my rod, and there a kingfisher swayed. I could have placed my free hand on it. It chattered, stared unblinkingly into my eyes, as if it challenged my presence on its domain. Then it shot around the bend of the stream like a vital jewel of flashing colors.

No sooner was it gone than up the stream came a moorhen, followed by her chicks, two by two, in perfect order like a fleet, heedless of the human intruder.

A brook I know in Cardiganshire makes its lonely way through an untrodden glen. In its wildest part is a wood of fir, always shadowed in sunniest summer, where the brown owl flies by day.

A great rock rises sheer from the stream like a towering spire. On a ledge of it, one afternoon, two badger cubs basking in the sunshine unconcernedly watched me eat my lunch, whilst in a little pool not a hundred yards away a heron fished for his dinner.

The incident I recount in closing is fact, odd as it may sound. I was fishing in this particular brook and landed a fine trout. As I held it firmly the head of a smaller trout appeared. I drew it out carefully and laid it gently on the grass. It was still alive, but its gleaming bloom was dulled. Swiftly I placed it in a small basin of water where the stream overflowed, and there it lay gasping painfully.

Two hours later I returned and found it quietly swimming round its hospital ward, fully recovered. I made an opening for it to the brook and it flashed like a white streak across the stream to the very spot where the large trout had captured it. The cannibal ate no more of its kind.

A Quiet Spot

Black Widow Spider More Deadly Than Snake

OLD Mother Nature indulges in a grim joke sometimes, and she must have been in one of her "humorous" moods when she created the Black Widow spider. This merry widow of the insect world is one of the nastiest of all the creepy-crawlies—a murderous and dangerous female.

Not only does she kill and eat her husband when she has no further use for him, but she can kill a man—in fact, she has sent many to their graves, asserts a writer in Pearson's London Weekly.

The Black Widow is as tough as a gangster, too, and if you ever meet her, the only sure method of putting her out of action is to smash her with something hard, like a swatter or the back of a shovel.

Drop for drop, the Black Widow's venom is more deadly than that of the rattlesnake.

Owing to its larger size, the rattlesnake injects much more poison than the Black Widow when it strikes, and, therefore, its death rate is higher—it kills about one in three. The Black Widow kills about one in twenty, but she is more common, and bites more people, so that, in the course of a year, the Black Widow causes more human deaths than does the rattlesnake.

George and Mary had been "walking out" together for ten years. As George did not seem in a hurry to come to the point, Mary thought she would help him. So next time they were out she said:

"George, don't you think it's time you and me got married?"

George looked at her for a minute: "Aye, lass," he said, "but who do you think will have us?"